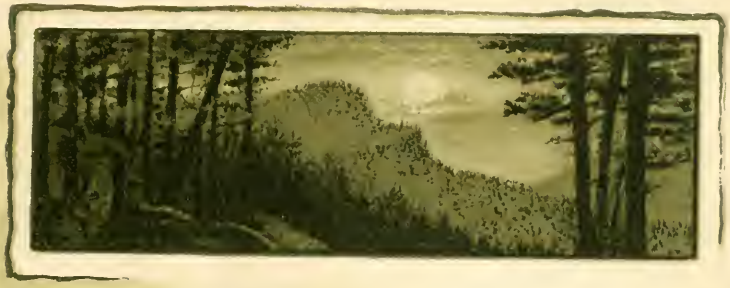
M3

WHITE MOUNTAIN VISTAS



THE CRYSTAL HILLS

ILLUSTRATED BY

F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS

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WHITE MOUNTAIN VISTAS.

THE CRYSTAL HILLS.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS.

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MT. ADAMS.

Mt. Adams from Mt. Washington.

Upon our loftiest [illegible] Mountain peak,
  Filled with the [illegible] of [illegible] air,
We stood, nor [illegible] listen or to speak
  To one another, for the silence there
Was eloquent with [illegible] not a sound
  Uttered the [illegible]
Above us [illegible] and
  Below us [illegible]
From thawless [illegible]
Rolled sheeted [illegible] screen.

. . . . . .

[illegible] us [illegible]
  [illegible] closed upon [illegible]
On heights where [illegible]
  [illegible]
May [illegible]
  And life's most [illegible]
A fog-drift of [illegible] scattered and [illegible]
  Before the winds of God: no vague unknown,
Death's dreaded path, — only a curtained stair;
And heaven but earth raised into purer air.

LUCY LARCOM.

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MT. WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

The Mt. Washington Railway.

Our own familiar world, not yet half known,
  Nor loved enough, in tints of Paradise
Lies there before us, now so lovely grown,
  We wonder what strange film was on our eyes
Ere we climbed hither. But again the cloud,
  Descending, shuts the beauteous vision out;
Between us the abysses spread their shroud:
  We are to earth, as earth to us, a doubt.
Dear home folk, skyward seeking us, can see
No crest or crag where pilgrim feet may be.

LUCY LARCOM.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mt. Washington from Fabyan's.

We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and bewildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood and thick
As meadow mole-hills.

WHITTIER.

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MT. WASHINGTON
FROM FABYANS.

Chocorua.

The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east, —
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least, —
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd.

LUCY LARCOM

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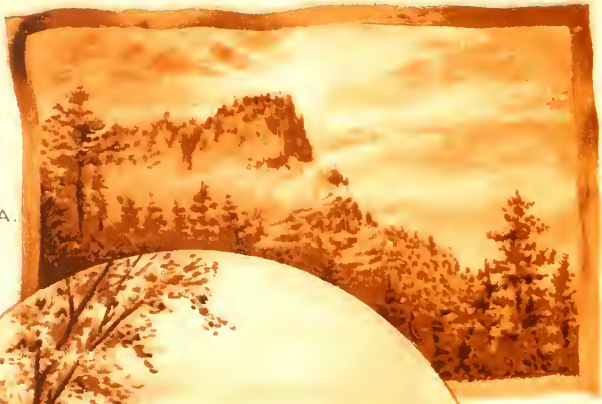

THE CREST OF CHOCORUA.

CHOCORUA AND SQUAM LAKE.

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